Poems (drafts

- Brian Edwards

I was
what I was
the world
creates things
and sometimes
we create things
in the world
I was what I was
not a saint
nor a villain
partly a dreamer
partly
far too awake
I had no
one philosophy
of life
yet many times
I could hear them
spoken of
in silent rooms
I was what I was
the labels
that some
will give to me
contain some
partial truth
yet only partial
for those
of this world
never knew me
that well
and I was only
ever in this world
partially
so there ...
I give you
a whole truth
for the sake
of your curiosity

***

- 12/13/2025

2.

See it realized then
that you
already knew
that you
were blessed
by the ocean
that you were
awakened
by the ocean
the sound
of the seagulls
gathering
brought you
visions
and dreaming
you already knew
that your soul
was mingled
with that
of the ocean
you already knew
the many
enchantments
of the Sun
above the waves

***

- 12/14/2025

3.

Lost at sea
in a sea
of minutiae
my sailboat
goes on towards
the torch
of the Colossus
then towards
the great
and ancient
lighthouse
I imagine
such a library
almost divine
as the glaciers
melt
north and south
the sea
of minutiae
is expanding
perhaps someday
it will be
all that
there is
all that remains
on the surface
of this planet

***

- 12/14/2025

4.

Pirate radio poet
son of salty waves
and seagull calls
there along
the sea at dawn
the threshold
of a cathedral
of eternity
with words
given wind
with poetry
given sail
across vast
regions of the
cosmic heavens
upon waves
of the
radio ocean
unfurling
the Jolly Roger
across bandwidths
across frequencies
of the ancient
constellations
son of salty waves
the seagulls
are calling to you

***

-12/14/2025

5.

Our civilization
is a dream
of clouds
send me
to Earth with
metallic wings
bind my soul
to rays
of starlight
keep me
within
the confines
of anointed
mathematics
I wish
to behold
the phoenix
in such
a blue
atmosphere

***

- 12/14/2025

6.

Silence
is the void
you believe in
its always
been that way
for you
the last candle
burns
in the last hour
in the last day
of something
enormously
important
I weave
these words
into a tapestry
I cast it into
an eastward wind
for silence
is the void
I've always
believed in
as well

***

- 12/14/2025

7.

Back to
that job
tomorrow
that slowly
devours
my soul
minutes
and hours
days ... weeks
months ... years
a bounty
collected
for a system
that is like
sulfur
in the Moonlight
there it is
I can hear it
if I strain
to listen
that silent song
of a different
world
that might
have been

***

- 12/14/2025

8.

A winter wind
harshly blows
I have known
this desolation
many times
across the span
of my life
the windows
are all closed
the cats
stay inside
I have
a pleasant
thought
and within
mere moments
it is frozen
you can't
win much
on a day
like today
all you
can do
is remember
the warmer
days of summer
remember them
and wait out
these days
of frozen
thoughts
of memories
that freeze
in a cold
Sunlight

***

- 12/15/2025

8.

My homeland
is a frozen
tundra
this morning
the ground
is ice
the expressions
of the Sun
seem to
turn to ice
and I've got to
be at the job
in an hour
and fifteen
minutes
that place
is a frozen
tundra
as well
of a different sort
I prefer
the place
where the ice
sparkles
like a frozen
dream
that is often
pleasing
to eyes that seek
the pleasant things

***

- 12/15/2025

9.

The nights
of winter
have arrived
trying to
stay warm
with the heater
being broken
in this
apartment
where the walls
have been
a witness
to some sorrow
some madness
some moments
of absolution
here and there
and the saga
continues
to what end
I don't know
perhaps
the distant
nights of summer
will bring
some clarity
with them
perhaps
who knows
we'll find out
when the
seasons change

***

- 12/15/2025

10.

It's too late
tonight
to write
a song
I've already
gone outside
and looked
at the stars
with that
last cigarette
of the night
it's too late
to go out
with a lantern
looking
for sanity
in the world
it's just
that time
to crawl
into bed
and escape
from it all
to drift away
drift away
upon waves
in the astral ocean

***

- 12/15/2025

I tell you
that you can
speak
to the stars
and sometimes
the stars
will be listening
I tell you
you can break
the silence
in a quiet room
with a song
and the silence
will yield
to the melody
I tell you
that sometimes
we are awake
in a world
that is asleep
and that sometimes
refuses
to be awake
I tell you
that at dawn
you may
walk through
a garden
that is
in-between
somewhere
and nowhere
I tell you this
as the
dormant memory
may rise
to the surface
as a flower
may whisper
to the waves
of the sea

***

- 12/15/2025

12.

I tell you
I can see
all of those
immaculate islands
upon oceans
of fiery light
upon all of those
immaculate stars
the way forward
is through
the vision
of fire
and light
of creation
knowing the
constellations well
I believe
that a mythology
that aligns
with the soul
can be found
in the night sky
I tell you
truthfully
as you seek
and find
so many
immaculate visions
upon islands
in a sea
of light
and time

***

- 12/16/2025

13.

I did
not know
that the night
would take
a collection
of dreams
from me
I did not know
yet I sought out
the answer to
a forgotten
question
I beheld
the morning light
which was like
the shining metal
of ancient shields
I did not know
that the night
would yield
to such
a radiance
that only
the flowers
could imagine

***

- 12/16/2025

14.

We fall away
into chasms
of wormwood
and the sky
became as dark
as raven wings
when we
fell away
among all of
the disjointed
reflections
all of
the withered roots
expelled
from the ground
when not even
the soil
knows you now
we fall away
and we tend
to blame
each other
but it won't matter
when we're
waist deep
in wormwood

***

- 12/16/2025

16.

The singing clock
sings a melody
of time
a gathering
of birds
escaping through
an open window
and I did not
feel or see
the Sun
in this hour
it is far
too crimson
for my liking
instead of
strolling outdoors
I fall into
a melancholic
phobia
of wind
yet I made
my own choices
I took
a little hemlock
with me
into the garden
where the
serpents reside
their eyes
will stare
at me
in the last hour
before immortality

***

- 12/16/2025

16.

I can feel
the Moon
under
the horizon
above the lands
in the east
I am in
the lands
of the west
so I must wait
to see
the Moon again
yet I can
feel the Moon
the hour
of its appearance
here in
the west
is approaching
we are
pulled together
by currents
of gravity
and alchemy
a kind of lunar
photosynthesis
makes the green
of the forest
still abundant
before my eyes
I wait
yet I can
already feel
the lunar presence
just under
the horizon now

***

- 12/17/2025

17.

The glow
of first light
over the sea
is a time
of visions
go down
to the shore
while it is
still dark
sit yourself
down on
the sand
and wait
look out
upon the ocean
behold the clouds
growing brighter
touched
by the light
of celestial fire
look to
the east
and wait
for visions
to appear
your visions
visions meant
for only you
as the morning Sun
knows you well
so it will
give you
something
to behold

***

- 12/17/2025

18.

I see you
tonight
wild
celestial
daughter
of stars
I see you above
in the theater
that is
the jeweled
sky of the night
I can see
the flames
of distant ages
in your eyes
I can see
seraphim
near the rings
of Saturn
and you
I see you
the brightest
of all
you
wild
celestial
daughter
of stars

***

- 12/17/2025

19.

I was where
I've always been
surrounded
by comets
and planets
in an ancient
tower
by the sea
on a day
a thousand years
gone by
I was always
where I was
meant to be
wandering
sandy trails
in a forest
forgotten
by civilization
and so
truly blessed
with blessings
of nature
and only nature
and myself
my presence there
where I
always was
where I
was always
meant to be

***

- 12/17/2025

20.

I'll see you
on one of
a thousand
islands
I've seen
where Sunlight
and ocean
mingle
with each other
I'll see you there
after I've
cast myself
into exile
no longer able
to navigate
through
the world
I was always
out of place here
confusion
found me
and brought
along with it
an hourglass
I could
no longer
find a true
path for myself
so it is time
to go into exile
I have determined
so I'll see you there
on one of
a thousand islands
upon a sea
of clouds

***

- 12/17/2025

Existing
in this
confusing world
I no longer
seek any answers
I no longer
seek any
great epiphany
catching a Sunrise
does cause me
to contemplate
a thing
or two
but it doesn't
carry over
very far
into the rest
of the day
I no longer
hear symphonies
in the sky
though there was
a time
when I believe
I did
I'm existing
in this world
yet moving
further
away from it
I feel like
I am
someplace else
half the time
I don't know
how that's possible
yet I'm certain
that it's the truth
what little bit
of wisdom
I've acquired
over years
gives me this
like an epiphany
I wasn't
searching for

23.

It seemed like
a time
of the leaf
but it was
a time
of the thorn
how it all
crumbled down
so quickly
the light
of day
the dark
of night
it all lost
meaning
so quickly
yet how
it seemed
like a time
of the leaf
the world
is master
of its own
trickery
sometimes
I do not
understand
how so many
things
with so little
worthwhile purpose
exist among us
here in
the coldness
in the air
at this
early hour

***

- 12/18/2025

24.

There is nothing
for me
to reflect upon
I knew that
the world
would be wearing
its own mask
today
the news speaks
of an
unpleasant world
is this
truly where
I dwell
before the hour
of ascension
to the clouds
I walk
in the light
when there is
light to see
I walk through
the shadow
when it has
clearly defined
boundaries
to it
an east
and a west
the edge
of a shadow
such places
in the world
hold their own
mysteries
I reflect
upon this
while waiting
to hear
the rooster's call
just before dawn

***

- 12/18/2025

25.

Soon I will
finally be able
to be reconciled
with the ocean
six months ago
I was carried away
by a damnable storm
that threw me
into thickets
of longing
how I wished
to escape
from it
for so long
yet the winds
were not
very merciful
towards me
I never knew
before
how the wind
could be
so stubborn
yet I know now
and the fog
that would
obscure
my line of sight
has cleared away
now I wish
to dream
of the ocean again
now in
the presence
of the
breaking waves
I seek to
understand
the futility
of all
understanding

***

- 12/18/2025

26.

The darkness here
follows a path
that I could not
anticipate
now when I seek
an island
to be
marooned upon
they only speak
to me
of a world
of money
yet I do not
pay attention
my eyes
always find
a bird
and follow
its flight
across the sky
and I know
that now
is neither
a beginning
or an ending
right now
feels like
there is only
the cold embrace
of winter
right now
feels like
there is only
the silence
of those
early hours
right now
I know
that there are
birds dreaming
of the first light
of tomorrow

***

- 12/18/2025

27.

There was
a different
feeling
in the air
back then
there is
a feeling
in the air now
of an
approaching storm
the Sunlight
seems the same
yet there are
subtle changes
in reflections
that are seen
upon the
still water
of a pond
or in the dusty
windows
of abandoned
buildings

***

- 12/19/2025

I am awake
only by
the power
of herbs
from the soil
all that is
not of the soil
has over
a long period
of time
put me
in a situation
where I cannot
be awake
in this world
from those
things alone
I need the herb
that originates
from the soil
I did not
intentionally wish
for any of this
to be so
yet it
came to be so
all on its own
in this world
of bats
and places
where gas lamps
used to be
yet are gone now
and I'll never
understand why
those gas lamps
would create
a light born
of dreams
and I can still
feel their essence
in the places
where the gas lamps
used to be

29.

Those folks
with nice suits
speak of things
regarding gloom
in a room with
a fancy table
thoughts
happen there
decisions
and so more
gloom is created
more gloom
is brought
into the world
by machines
that were given
commands
by folks
in nice suits
the machines obey
as they were
built to do
and the stars
keep on shining
at night
when the sky
is clear
above this
imperfect world

***

- 12/19/2025

30.

Let us go
looking
for wells
of silence
and the
festivals
of ravens
let us defy
social norms
for they are
as constraints
and the seeds
that they
give back
to the soil
are limited
in number
we wish to behold
limitless sky
we wish to see
the birds
and be reminded
of their ancestors
we wish to see
the light
of a candle
in a window
like a beacon
along the edge
of the sea
of life
and boundless
memory

***

- 12/19/2025

31.

I am struggling
to awaken
to a world
I recognize
things seem
to be drifting
into caverns
of dark time
and a cosmic
mountain pass
full of thorns
my worldly eyes
see nothing bright
yet they are rarely
ever worldly
anymore
I have been
spending
much of my time
in another
dimension
that can
on occasion
be perceived
in the wind
by the psychics
the poets
and those
in the midst
of a dream

***

- 12/19/2025